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ABSTRACT

One of a series of 20 literary magazine profiles written to help faculty advisors wishing to start or improve their publication, this profile provides information on staffing and production of "Imprints," the magazine published by Shorewood High School, Seattle, Washington. The introduction describes the literary magazine contest (and criteria), which was sponsored by the National Council of Teachers of English and from which the 20 magazines were chosen. The remainder of the profile--based on telephone interviews with the advisor, the contest entry form, and the two judges' evaluation sheets--discusses (1) the magazine format, including paper and typestyles; (2) selection and qualifications of the students on staff, as well as the role of the advisor in working with them; (3) methods used by staff for acquiring and evaluating student submissions; (4) sources of funding for the magazine, including fund raising activities if applicable, and production costs; and (5) changes and problems occurring during the advisor's tenure, and anticipated changes. The Spring 1984 issue of the magazine is appended. (HTH)

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AN EXEMPLARY HIGH SCHOOL LITERARY MAGAZINE: IMPRINTS

Compiled by

Hilary Taylor Holbrook

"PERMISSION TO REPRODUCE THIS MATERIAL HAS BEEN GRANTED BY
Stephen J. Pearse
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INTRODUCTION

In 1984, the National Council of Teachers of English began a national competition to recognize student literary magazines from senior high, junior high, and middle schools in the United States, Canada, and the Virgin Islands. Judges in the state competitions for student magazines were appointed by state leaders who coordinated the competition at the state level.

The student magazines were rated on the basis of their literary quality (imaginative use of language; appropriateness of metaphor, symbol, imagery; precise word choice; rhythm, flow of language), types of writing included (poetry, fiction, nonfiction, drama), quality of editing and proofreading, artwork and graphic design (layout, photography, illustrations, typography, paper stock, press work), and frontmatter and pagination (title page, table of contents, staff credits). Up to 10 points were also either added for unifying themes, cross-curricular involvement, or other special considerations, or subtracted in the case of a large percentage of outside professional and/or faculty involvement.

In the 1984 competition, 290 literary magazines received ratings of "Above average," 304 were rated "Excellent," and 44

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earned "Superior" ratings from state contest judges. On the basis of a second judging, 20 of the superior magazines received the competition's "Highest Award."

As a special project, the ERIC Clearinghouse on Reading and Communication Skills has selected 20 magazines from those receiving "Superior" ratings to serve as models for other schools wishing to start or improve their own student literary magazines. The profiles of these magazines are based on the faculty advisor's contest entry sheet, the judges' evaluation sheets, and interviews with the faculty advisors. Where possible, the magazines themselves have been appended. Information for ordering copies of the magazines is contained at the end of each profile.

IMPRINTS

Shorewood High School

Seattle, Washington

Principal: Dr. Helen McIntyre

Faculty Advisor: Steve Pearse

1984 Student Editor: Lori Landel

"As our magazine completes its seventh year of existence, all who have been associated with it have noted its improvements, form design to scope to degree of quality. Imprints staffers (and their advisor) believe the growth of our publication is directly related to the increasing awareness of and appreciation for what student writers and artists are capable of doing...We believe this pubication promotes the efforts and talents of Shorewood artists and writers; it fills and important niche!"

Lori Landel, Editor

Steve Pearse, Faculty Advisor

Shorewood High School is a four-year public school located in metropolitan Seattle. The school's 1,110 students come from primarily upper-middle-class, white collar backgrounds. Through their artistic, literary and editing/design talents, Shorewood students have developed their literary magazine into a polished and innovative publication.

FORMAT: INNOVATION

Imprints has undergone many changes since its first mimeographed edition. The 1984 issue "represents an entirely new format, including dimensions, paper stock, folio lines, typestyles, layout, binding and cover concept."

Measuring 8" x 8", the 104 page magazine is printed on 100 lb. Shasta suede white paper stock, with a red plastic spiral binding. The Brilliant Red cover-stock cover is illustrated with a silver stretch of sand and a conch shell, and a silver border and lettering . The name Imprints appears in 30 point Fenice Univers typeface. Text is printed in 10 point English Times, titles in 18 point Fenice Regular, and authors in 12 point Fenice Regular. Each page also has a running head with the name Imprints and Shorewood High School printed in 8 point Fenice Ultra Italic.

PRODUCTION: MAGAZINE BY COMMITTEE

Six students comprised the staff for the 1984 edition in positions of editor-in-chief, managing editor, art editor, copy editor, and two general staff members. The editor-in-chief was the only representative from the senior class. The art editor for 1984 was subsequently chosen as editor for the 1985 issue. Mr. Pearse, who has been the advisor for the magazine since its first issue, works with the staff during the planning stages, but during the actual production phase he regards his role as one of arbitrator. Staff members work as equals during both these stages, and Mr. Pearse notes that Imprints is truly a "magazine by committee."

All work for the 1984 issue was completed before and after regular school hours, as no class or academic credit was provided. Since that issue, however, Shorewood had implemented an course in literary magazine production, which will be described in greater detail presently. All design, photography, and paste-up work is done by students, as is 95 percent of the artwork and writing, and 90 percent of the editing. The remainder of these duties are completed by faculty. Students also complete 70 percent of the proofreading, and faculty 10 percent. As required by district policy, all printing (and consequently the remaining 20 percent of proofreading) must be done at the district printing facility.

SUBMISSIONS: SCHOOLWIDE CONTESTS

Staff members encourage students to submit writing and artwork by means of class presentations, posters, and weekly reminders. English and social studies teachers are very cooperative about tailoring assignments with submission to Imprints in mind, although no student is required to do so. Mr. Pearse notes that about 70% of submissions are personal rather than generated by class assignments. Submissions are usually fewer for the 9th grade level, and staff members visit the freshman classrooms three times a year to encourage these students to consider submitting.

Imprints also sponsors contests throughout the year, for poetry, prose, art, and photography, which generate a great deal of interest. The winning entries in each of these areas are published in the magazine, and the winners receive authors'

copies of the magazine, as well as schoolwide recognition. Contest entries are reviewed by staff members, and those passing the first review are then judged by faculty members for final selection. Not all submissions for the magazine are entered in these contests, however, and when students complete the submission form, they may mark it "not for contest."

FUNDING: ON A SHOESTRING

IMPRINTS receives no district funding, and accepts no advertising. The magazine's funds are allocated from the student body account, and 75 percent of expenses are recovered through sales to students and at community events. It has only been since 1981 that the magazine budget has exceeded $100. The 1984 issue was published on a $600 budget, at a cost of $2.50 each for a print run of 150 copies, and sold for $2.00 each. Since the district maintains a print shop, the magazine's printing expenses are reduced.

CHANGES: CREDIT FOR PRODUCTION

The first issue of Imprints contained mostly poetry and very little artwork. Submissions in fiction and art have gradually increased, due in part to the contest. Mr. Pearse foresees a greater increase in works of both fiction and nonfiction for future issues, and a concentrated effort to encourage works in these areas.

As mentioned before, Shorewood now offers a literary magazine production course for credit, taught by Mr. Pearse. The course includes mostly juniors and seniors, who learn not only the mechanics of magazine editing and layout, but also what Mr.

Pearse refers to as "the circle method" of peer review for their own writing. In this way, students earn academic credit for producing a high quality magazine, as well as for improving their writing and revision skills.

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Copies of Imprints may be obtained from

Shorewood High School

17300 Fremont Avenue North

Seattle, WA 98133

Cost: $2.65 (includes postage)

Imprints '84

Literary-Art Magazine
Spring 1984
Vol. 7
$2.00

Shorewood High School
17300 Fremont North
Seattle, Washington 98133

Editor-In-Chief
Lori Landel

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Mike Pahre

Art Editor
Tri Nguyen

Copy Editor
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Staff
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Advisor
Steve Pearse

Statement of Philosophy

Seeing one's name in print, particularly in the form of a permanent record for others to read and enjoy, can be compared to few experiences. Just as *KOLOS*, Shorewood's award-winning newspaper, serves the journalistic interests and needs of the school community and provides a showcase for excellence in investigative and editorial writing, *IMPRINTS* makes its contribution to the expressive and artistic achievements that might otherwise go unsung or, at worst, unencouraged. Photography classes, writing workshops and school assignments provide instruction and direction; *IMPRINTS* fulfills at least part of the need for sharing, for moving from process to product.

Our literary-art magazine has made a difference, we believe, in terms of student attitudes as well as their creative accomplishments. Classroom assignments have sometimes been designed with our need for good copy in mind; we hope teachers' objectives for their students' progress as writers and artists have been met, too!

As our magazine completes its seventh year of existence, all who have been associated with it have noted its improvement, from design to scope to degree of quality. *IMPRINTS* staffers (and their adviser) believe the growth of our publication is directly related to the increased awareness of and appreciation for what student writers and artists are capable of producing. We also know that to continue to be of service to the Shorewood community, we must work (even lobby!) for even more participation by a greater number of our students. As their contributions grow and flourish, so too will *IMPRINTS*.

Lori Landel,
Editor

Steve Pearse,
Advisor

To Our Readers,

Imprints editors would like to thank all who contributed to this year's edition of our literary-art magazine. We are thankful for the variety, originality and quality of the pieces that made their way into Imprints '84.

Mireille Chae's "Wings," a story for children, blends fantasy with the themes of growth, change and disappointment. Kelly Christopherson's poem "Yes, I Remember Mama" presents a classic, sincere description of the sort of mother every child would want to come home to, while Paul Kuranko's "Teenage Wildlife" strikes the tone of a teenager determined to be set apart from the stereotype society so often imposes on young people.

Shorewood students also contributed many fine pieces of art and photography. Tony Vujovich's "The Negligent Babysitter" tells a truth about a role in our society that all of us have played (or fallen victim to) at one time or another. And Laura Wedlund's "Jungle Gym" is stop-action photography that catches the essence of children at play.

In addition to contributors, many others have helped both indirectly and directly with the publication of Imprints '84. Shorewood teachers deserve our thanks for their patience with staff members' class presentations, posters and weekly reminders. The Shoreline District Print Shop for the seventh straight year fit us into their busy schedule for our press run.

To encourage writers and artists to submit their best work, we sponsored a contest involving faculty judges at mid-year. Editors were pleased with the response but relieved we did not have to select the winners!

Imprints '84 is truly representative of Shorewood's commitment to student involvement and accomplishment. We believe this publication promotes the efforts and talents of Shorewood artists and writers; it fills an important niche!

Lori Landel
Editor-in-chief

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Awards

Poetry

1st Tri Nguyen
"Bag Lady Blues"

2nd Kelli Gettles
"The Rain Does Not Fall All on One Roof"

3rd Sheri Pym
"Madness"

Art

1st Paul Kuranko
"What A Trumpet"

2nd Paul Kuranko
"Scrooge"

3rd Brian Lyons
"Chic"

Prose

1st Mary Taylor
"Personal Experience"

2nd Mireille Chae
"The Sanctuary"

3rd Tri Nguyen
"Pain of Time"

Photography

1st Laura Wedlund
"Jungle Gym"

2nd Cary Jordan
"Cheerleader"

3rd Cary Jordan
"Brass Pitcher"

Cary Jordan

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Cardboard Boxes

Wendy Staley

The cardboard box was sandwiched snugly between her arms as she looked across the street. She checked the numbers on the apartment building with those on the rain-spattered notecard she held tightly . They matched, all right. This was the place—her new home. From outside, the muddy-brown structure appeared run-down, with peeling paint and cracked front door. It was still drizzling, and she watched as water trickled down the glass panes. The windows are crying, she thought, and wondered for a moment if she should be, too.

She entered the building and walked in the second door down on the left. Patti let the carton slide to hit the bare, slightly dusty floor with a clump. The box was crammed full of her belongings, including a couple pairs of Levis, her three high school yearbooks, and a few memorable photographs.

Glancing around the shabbily furnished, dimly lit apartment, she took in the overstuffed suitcases, Gary's electric guitar and, finally, Gary himself. He strode casually over to Patti, looked at her through his dark, shaggy hair, and said, "So, what do you think?"

"Well, it's not what I expected, but it'll do," she replied. "I still can't believe we really went through with it—dropping out of school and moving here together, I mean."

"You'll get used to it," Gary assured her. "We'll have a great time here. Me and the guys can rehearse in this room. Maybe you can get a job at McDonald's or something. We'll get by."

Patti smiled and decided to begin unpacking. She dragged a couple of boxes across the floor and into the bedroom. It was quite dark—a lightbulb had yet to be screwed into the fixture.

"I'm gonna go get us some burgers and maybe stop by Jake's house. Wanna

come?" called Gary from the living room.

"No. You go ahead. I'll finish putting my stuff away," Patti answered.

She heard the door bang shut. The empty silence that followed depressed her, but only momentarily. She was her own person now—no more taking orders from her parents, no more curfews to be broken, no more being grounded on weekends. Patti could make her own decisions now—for better or for worse. She was willing to suffer any consequences.

She scanned the bedroom, in search of the telephone. At last she spotted it behind Gary's stack of Def Lepard albums. She reached for the receiver and dialed her best friend's number.

"Hello, Jane?"

"Hi. Is that you, Patti?"

"Uh-huh. Guess what? Me and Gary got an apartment!"

"You're kidding! When are you moving in?"

"We just did. I'm here right now. I'd love it if you could come over and help me unpack all my things. Can you?"

"Just a sec. I'll check."

Jane returned to the phone a few minutes later.

"Sorry, Patti, but my parents won't let me. You know how strict they are."

"Oh. Well, that's okay. Ha! I guess your parents are even worse than mine!"

"Right. I'll talk to you later, okay?"

"Okay. Bye."

Patti couldn't believe it. Jane's parents had always treated her well before. She had expected a slight change in their attitude toward her, but nothing this abrupt. Didn't anyone understand that she **had** to leave home? She wouldn't have been able to stand not seeing Gary ever again. Why did her parents think Gary was such a bad influence, anyway? Sure, he was in a rock band and liked to party once in a while, but didn't most guys his age?

Patti could still remember the time her mother and Mrs. Carrington had tried to set her up with Clark Carrington, Jr. What a joke that had been! Clark had worn a suit and had taken her to see The Nutcracker in his mother's Cadillac. She hadn't been as impressed by him as her mother would have liked—especially when Clark had trod on the toes of a least six people when they made their way to their reserved seats. She laughed aloud at the memory of the apologetic expression on his face.

"What's so funny?"

Patti started. "Oh, hi Gary. I was just thinking about the time my mom made me go out with that jerk, Clark Carrington. Remember that?"

"Yeah," Gary smiled. "I guess your parents never could understand why you preferred the likes of me over that rich, snub-nosed snob."

"Let's not talk about them," Patti said. "Did you get the food?"

"Yeah, it's right here. Let's eat—I'm starved."

They sat down on the bare floor and unwrapped the steaming hot burgers. They ate in silence, but it was the comfortable silence present between people who know each other well. Patti looked up from her food and giggled.

"What?" Gary wondered.

"You've got mustard on your chin," Patti told him, then dabbed the corner of her napkin at the deep yellow smear on his face.

"Thanks," Gary said, and kissed her.

The next day, Gary informed her that the band was coming over to rehearse in the afternoon. Patti decided it was as good a day as any to go job hunting. She slipped on her newest pair of Levis and a favorite brown sweater that matched her mahogany eyes. She was ready to take on the world.

"Gary, I'm going to apply at a few places today - McDonald's and wherever else is hiring."

"Okay, see ya later." Gary was busy writing words to a new song and wanted to finish before the rest of the guys came over.

"Wish me luck," Patti called over her shoulder.

She strode confidently down the city streets, grinning at each person she passed. Finally, she reached the closest McDonald's, filled out an application, and asked for an interview. To her surprise, the manager was available and interviewed her on the spot. The manager didn't seem to mind the fact that she was a high school drop-out.

"Okay. You can start tomorrow at minimum wage."

"Great! How many hours a week will I be working?"

"Around twenty. Twenty-five at the most."

"All right. Thank you very much."

Patti was elated! Finding employment wasn't nearly as hard as she had thought. Gary would be relieved that they would have some money coming in. After all, their small savings wouldn't last forever, and who knew when Gary's band would be hired.

That night, Patti's mother called her at the apartment.

"Oh, hi Mom. Look, I don't want to argue with you anymore. You just have to understand that I'm not your baby. I'm capable of making my own decisions, and I've decided to live with Gary. Whether you agree with that or not isn't the issue."

"I'm aware of that, Patti. I just want to make sure you understand the full consequences of your decision. You're cutting your childhood short. There's plenty of time for you to get settled down. Besides that, it will be extremely difficult for a high school drop-out---"

"--To get any kind of job? Well, for your information, as of today, I am an

employee at McDonald's. It may not be much, but it's a start. Now, please don't call here anymore if you are unable to stop lecturing me as if I were some disobedient ten-year-old! Goodbye, Mother."

Three weeks later:

Patti never would have believed how expensive living on one's own could be. Their rent was two-hundred-and-fifty dollars per month, not including utilities, food and personal expenses. Gary had to purchase a new band outfit, Patti had to buy leather shoes for work—it all added up. Patti kept trying to ignore the obvious. They might be able to squeak by this month, but then what? Their savings would be zero, Gary had no income to speak of, and Patti herself brought home only two hundred-and-forty dollars a month.

"Gary, we've got to talk," Patti said seriously. "We're barely gonna make it through this month, let alone next."

"I know, Patti. I never knew things could cost so much!" Gary admitted.

"Maybe our parents were right. Maybe we should just wait a little longer until we're both working and out of school, to share an apartment. We could still see each other in the meantime."

"I don't know about that, Patti. I mean, your folks never got along with me before this and now..."

"I know, but I'd talk to them. They've got to see that we're really serious about each other after all this, right?"

"You could be right. Looks like we don't have much choice, anyway. Let's face it, after this month, we're broke."

"Yeah, maybe we did take things a little too fast. I'll call home and talk with my parents about it."

Patti made her way into the bedroom and dialed the phone.

"Hi, Mom. This is Patti. I'm calling because, well, Gary and I just aren't able to keep up with the expenses of living out here on our own. I'm hoping that you and Dad will let me move back home, at least for a while."

"Well, of course, Patti. I'd been hoping for this telephone call!"

"Now, don't get too excited. This doesn't mean that Gary and I are going to stop seeing each other. We still care about each other very much, and our relationship had nothing to do with this decision. I won't be able to live at home unless you and Dad will permit me to see Gary."

"Your father and I have discussed it, and we both agree now that maintaining a good relationship with our daughter is much more important than our feelings toward any boy that she happens to be going out with."

"Mom, Gary isn't just any other boy. But, look, we'll talk about this later. I should be home sometime tonight. See you then."

Patti hung up and returned to the living room, where Gary was packing up his guitar.

"So, how'd the conversation go?" Gary asked.

"I'm pretty sure they'll agree to let me see you, but I might not be able to stay out past midnight on Saturdays," Patti teased.

"I think we'll be able to manage," Gary smiled.

Patti strolled over to the hall closet, opened the door, stretched her arms up and lifted out a rather worn, battered and empty cardboard box.

Untitled

Why do I feel overwhelmed by fear?
I am so full of sorrow I could cry.
I feel my final hour drawing near
this is my only way to say goodbye.

To you I leave the contents of my heart,
The love and caring which have gone unshown.
In my life you've always played a part
In keeping me from being all alone.

I've lived my life for others, so they say.
I tried to help in any way I could.
And if I've helped someone along the way
My bad deeds will be overcome by good.

God Bless you friend, you helped me through the bad,
And when I'm gone, for me please don't be sad.

Patty Heivilin

Caught In Act

Phillip Alexander was born one sunny day.
He always loved to fool; he always loved to play.
And then when he was older, he learned another thing:
He learned how he could shoplift and take most anything.
Improving this bad habit, he did it more and more,
Taking something off the shelf and walking out the door.
After many years of stealing his house was full of stuff,
Football, books and records. It seemed there was enough.
Nothing ever stopped him. Why couldn't he confess?
He wouldn't let anyone help him to clear this silly mess.
He finally got a girlfriend who didn't know his faults.
They went down to the soda shop and got two frosty malts.
And when he didn't pay the bill his girlfriend was smart.
She said she'd have to leave him; that nearly broke his heart.
Phillip tried to please her, he shaved and took a shower,
Then he went to the local florist and stole a gorgeous flower.
Just as he was leaving he saw something he didn't like:
Twenty-one policemen, twelve of 'em on bikes.
They didn't wait to judge him, he didn't have a trial.
They threw him in a prison cell and put him in the file.
Then something crossed his mind, something that's a fact...
It didn't even occur to him that he'd be caught in the act.

John Visser

TRASH
ANTS
TRI NGUYEN

Teenage Wildlife

How come you only want tomorrow,
With its promise of something hard to do?
A real-life adventure
Worth more than pieces of gold.
Blue sky above,
Sun on your arms,
Strength in your stride,
Hope in those squeaky clean eyes.
Chilly receptions
Everywhere you go,
Blinded with drive.

Guess the season's on.
So you train by shadow boxing,
Search for the truth,
But it's all used up.
Still you push your luck.
A broken-nosed mogul are you.
One of the New Wave boys.
Same old thing in brand-new drag.

Corner sweeping into view.
You'll take me aside
And ask,
"What shall I do?"
We all must do what we can.
Lose or win.
But they move in numbers.
Got me in a corner.
I feel like a group of one.
They can't do this to me.
I'm not some piece of teenage wildlife.

Paul Kuranko

A Little Mental Strength and You're There

To an easy chair one so easily is compelled,
In front of the television when feeling tired and lazy,
The subconscious takes over, then, suddenly
You're facing an inhuman world of thespians,
Canned laughter, repressed emotions
All blurring into one's real world.

How often are you really benefitting and enjoying these mostly mindless acts?
These are often temporary escapes from anxiety and conflicts.

On a clear peaceful fall day when the sun is glowing down from an angle, can't people see how inviting the outdoors is! To lie propped up against a stump admiring the sound view just letting ones thoughts run free and smooth like the rhythmic tide.

A little mental strength and one's there. It's a wonder why it's just left to be.

Lying out here watching a dandelion rustling in the wind, the tree's leaves patched orange and green.

How can one repeatedly sit so obsessed and unuseful with the television screen watching an imaginery life go by?

Ruth Scham

Sunrise

From the blackness grows a luminating warmth.
Blood red, the flow urges beneath the only star.
Increasingly powerful,
Ever so gentle,
From the heartbeat of the sun grows ever upwards.
the colors of life, the complete spectrum.
At first difficult to determine,
Clear it becomes with the rising of the star.
Caressingly, the colors begin to shower down
upon the intensely red bath upon the world.
At first, with a subtlety of amber drizzle,
the glow begins to fade.
Then one by one,
Green, blue, and violet,
They cleanse the sky of its darkness,
Raining one upon the other
Blending, cleansing, revealing,
Falling below the horizon until the sky
is clear.
The sky is teasingly blue,
And the star, her purpose served, glides
silently farther from the bath of the sun,
Momentarily disappearing
Until a new day calls to her to urge
along the colors,
To bring the sunrise up,
To leave a blue-lit sky.

Brenda Sullivan

Andy Rees

Wings

Mireille Chae

The sun beat hard against the pavements of the city. Relieved only by the hills and valleys near the outskirts, the city was composed of identical avenues and blocks of houses. On one of the house's back porch sat a little tousle-haired boy immersed in a pile of junk.

From the backyard next door, another little boy yelled, "Bob, wanna play?"

Bob, working intensely, continued to sort through the pile of junk. The other boy jumped over the fence and ran up to Bob's back porch.

"Hey, Bob," he called again.

A bit surprised, Bob looked up and perked, "Hi, Jimmy."

Seeing the pile of odds and ends, Jimmy grabbed a handful of feathers and glitter, and sifted them through his fingers. He exclaimed, "Wow! What's this for?"

"For my wings. I'm gonna fly high up, soar through the clouds and touch the stars," boasted Bob.

Then, Jimmy asked skeptically, "But how do you know you can fly?"

In an assured voice, Bob replied, "If you believe, anything can happen. My father said so."

"Really?" asked Jimmy, his eyes popping in awe.

"Yep. Do you want to make some too?"

"Sure."

So, the two of them worked together on their wings. They glued, and tied, and cut, and knotted until they were finally finished. With a sigh of satisfaction, the two tried on their snow-white winds.

The sun had set, leaving behind a lingering warmth. The pair climbed up to the top of a nearby hill that they chose to take off from.

Breathless from the climb and the burden of the wings, Bob huffed, "Alright, let's take off at the same time."

Jimmy nodded in agreement, but when they were about to run off the hill, Jimmy yelled, "I can't!"

"But you've got to believe," Bob said urgently. "Here, I'll go first."

Bob closed his eyes and started to run with his arms outstretched and his feet pounding against the grassy hilltop. Then, his feet were dangling uselessly as his wings took hold and lifted him. His wings became a part of him as he rose into the sky.

He opened his eyes. Above, only a dark bluish-gray sky was visible. Below, houselights and streetlights twinkled like stars. He felt exaltation as he observed the first hours of the night appearing.

After somewhat of a shaky take-off, Jimmy joined him, shouting, "I did it, too! I'm flying."

The two of them flew for hours. They soared like eagles, dodged between trees, dipped and then rose to dizzying heights. When they got tired, they alighted back onto the hill to regain strength.

While sitting together on the hilltop, Bob stared intensely at Jimmy and said, "I've decided to go flying forever all over the world. There's something about being up there that makes me think this is what I have to do and want to do. Do ya know what I mean?"

With his eyebrows knitted together, Jimmy said slowly, "Yeah, it was neat up there. But...but what about home?"

Ignoring Jimmy's question, Bob stood up and inquired, "Do ya wanna come?"

Jimmy bit his bottom lip while thinking it over. He resolutely replied, "I can't. My mother and father would be awful sore at me. They need me."

"Ah, they won't even know you're gone," sneered Bob. "You're just chicken."

"No, I'm not!" retorted Jimmy.

By then, Bob had already flown away, leaving Jimmy alone with only his wings. Jimmy stood on the hilltop staring at the silhouette of Bob as he got smaller and smaller the farther he went, until he disappeared. With a sigh, Jimmy picked up his wings and walked down the hill back to his house.

Jimmy never saw Bob again. Eventually, as almost all little boys do, Jimmy grew up to be Jim, got married, and had his own children. He still kept his wings, even though disuse had made them yellow and frayed. Sometimes at night, Jimmy would puzzle his wife and children by standing on the porch for hours staring at the darkened sky. On rare occasions he would see something different, but he never could be sure if it was what he thought or hoped it would be.

The Cattle Drive

Dust-baked prairie,
  silence as far as the eye can see.
Surprising thunder,
  excitement builds,
My sorrel's eyes prick with tension.

At the bluff's crest they appear
Like an army about to descend
On the foe: They poise above.

My Sorrel prances,
  eager to flee.
I check his rein.

The herefords plunge down the slope,
  kicking a halo of dust.
Voices of the cowboys collide in the air;
  their faces remain a mystery.

As the herd roars past,
  the sorrel breaks my grip.
We dive into the medley
  of dirt, thunder and cattle.
While hanging on for life,
  a tune catches my ear,
Blending cattle, prairie, eternity and me.
All sounds join in harmony
To create the cattle drive.

Ann Wagner

Distant Discovery Alone

Somewhere inside of me
There is a vacation's memory
Makaunis distant rocky beach
So quiet a time alone.

Solitude, nothing to find but me;
Unsteady, dusty fingers clutch
Solid, a gift from the sea
Compared to myself meaning much.

If the sea
And the sun
Can bleach a bone
Till it's whiter
Than a gull,
Cleaner than foam.

Urged the bone is me alone
Purged on the waves
Emerged from the tide
Solitary, it helps me, bring me on the beach.

I am not quite alone.

Carol Loper

"It's Never Over till It's Over."—Yogi Berra

(A poem in dedication to this year's flu and cold season)

Summer is over, now winter is here
All over school, reddish noses
One day I'm healthy, the next day I'm sick
The flu monster smiles. Who next will he pick?
With the flu here upon me, I'm up through the night
Headaches and throwing up—oh, what a sight!
Finally the night ends, the morning has come
Solid food for me at breakfast—yum yum!
So you ask, am I healthy? No, not yet.
Now it's cold time for me. Fun times? You bet!
Here come the sniffles, the loud runny nose
I feel like the nozzle on our old garden hose
The best part of all is sniffling through classes
Kleenex are handy, given out by the masses
Again comes the headache. Is there no end to the pain?
Taking cough syrup and aspirin. I'm going insane!
Mom says, "Drink lots of liquids, get lots of rest."
Maybe next time mom, tomorrow's a test.
Wouldn't it be nice to halt the homework when I'm ill?
Visibly this disagrees with Alderdice's will
My cold symptoms dwindle. I look towards health
with affection
But it's not over yet. My eye has a virus infection
It's off to the doctor, his diagnosis I seek
He says it should be gone by the end of the week
So now I'm on eyedrops with hopes it will heal
I can't believe this. It seems so unreal.
How many days of school will I miss?
Making up all that homework just for this
With the end of my fourth cold now finally drawing near
I wish for no repeat performances in the very next year

Kristin Wilson

Cathy McCadden

But, Maybe You

Times, when I'm alone
And quiet—
I smile and laugh a
Soft laugh—
Nobody understands, but
Maybe you—

It's like a private joke
or joy—
No one will understand
except me—
No one will really care, but
Maybe you—

Times, when I listen
To music—
I can see your face
Faintly there—
A smile will be let loose, but
Maybe you—

Rebekah McCarthy

First Place, Poetry

Bag Lady Blues

Does she ever weep, the bag-lady downtown?
She's on the same corner everytime I'm there—
by Byrnie Utz hat-store in the cold
with her home, her luggage gathered round her
like a fur coat.
Where does she stay
when the sun turns off and BMW's roll past,
on their way to The 5th Avenue
or to Umberto Ristorante Italiano?
The Olympic Four-Seasons?
She must resent it when a window slides down to let
a black Nikon's single glass eye record her fortune.
She must resent being "so picturesque,"
but maybe she enjoys the free publicity,
the glamour of the lights.

If I look closely I can see the colour of her eyes...

I'd like to speak to her some day,
in a clean French cafe when the leaves
are brown and the sky is steel,
but my bus is pulling up, my ticket
out of her world.

Tri Nguyen

Cathy McCadden

Walk the Night

In silence, in calm,
I walk between the palm trees,
Compressing the sand underneath.
Under the glazing moon
My shadow walks beside.

The breeze, still young,
Blows from the sea
From time to time,
Gliding by my face,
Leaving me refreshed.

Stories are told
As the trees whisper
Of past, in delight.

Not a single soul,
I walk ahead,
Only knowing
The night remains
To be endless.

Juhan Lee

Rose

There it sits
ugly and exhausted
its faded red center is surrounded
by a terrible brown lace
of dying petals
going away
Petal
By
Petal.
Day
By
Day,
There
It
Sits.

Jim Hartz

Vanessa

She stands alone.
In a field of wild flowers.
Her wide-brimmed hat clinging
to her back by a pink ribbon.
The daisies bend their necks to kiss
the ground with every lilt.
Her hair floats. The white dress
drapes below her knees.
It floats to one side
almost sweeping her away.
She listens to the breeze
rattle the leaves above her.
Her eyes are as blue
as the cornflowers that gaze at her.
She picks one; it laughs in return.

Pam Jones

A Cat's Antics

The cat springs-
leaping out of the
coal-black night and
into the warm, welcoming
household.
I lift this mass of fluff.
My arms cradle her,
forming a throne.
The ebony down of her
coat caresses my
fingers and face.
A dampened velcro tongue
laps at my cheek
as if it were a
saucer of cream.

Wendy Staley

Intermission

I went to the symphony with a friend;
the people all sounded like mice.
They sat like seals through Hovhaness, Chopin,
would often cough and clap, would sometimes stand.
Intermission came like winter to birds,
and down they flew to the lobby,
where the air was perfume and smoke.

They'd rush to buy coffee and tea,
chocolate and pastries expensive as hell.
Some mints and a Pepsi suited me...
just fine, just as well.

Then the bell would ring; five minutes more,
and we'd walk fast to the top of the ramps.
On slick leather shoes we'd quickly slide down,
yelling and laughing, our arms in the air,
running into the rich who had the box seats;
those skinny old women, their fat-stomached men...
Those people, they sounded like mice.

Tri Nguyen

Rabid Departure

I know a cur.
She bit me once,
But lovingly licked the wound.

I felt possessed.
She read my thoughts,
Corrected by mistakes.

I watched her face,
Knowing that she
Would no longer be here
forever.

Emotions covert,
I learned to bite,
Cried while my lovers bled.

Paul Kuranko

Stars

The magic, she said, comes
from the stars.

It sparkles and shines
Where darkness dare not go.

The Love, she said, develops
from the devotion and magic.
It seeps down into
The very crevices of the heart.

The people, she said, are bonded,
From the magic and love
It brings them together
So they too can know the stars.

Rebekah McCarthy

It Was A Warm April ...

It was a warm April morning when I was in the bathroom primping myself in the mirror. Annie, my little sister, had just awakened to get into the bathtub. Curling each side to perfection, I didn't even pay attention to the hands helplessly flapping in the water. Instead of turning around to see what was wrong, I told her to shutup and went on with my business.

Annie is a diabetic. Without food she gets very weak. She got so weak that her head was submerged in the water and since there wasn't anything that she could hang on to, her hands helplessly splashed with this persistent noise, I turned around and pulled open the shower curtain, only to find my little sister lying in the warm water with long strawberry blond hair that resembled seaweed in the ocean, and a body so blue that I began to see death.

I took her by the armpits and pulled her out of the water. While I was screaming for my mother, I felt a sense of panic and weakness myself. Her lips were blue and I thought I had lost her, but impatiently yelling her name and encouraging her to wake up, I felt a response. Annie's eyes opened slightly after my mom injected her with glugagon (emergency medicine in case of a reaction).

Annie will never have a reaction this severe again. Her insulin has been changed to one that won't work so early in the morning. As she grows older, she is more conscious of the first signs of a reaction and can either ask for help or get some food.

This incident has made every member of my family realize that when Annie starts to complain, we listen!

Pam Jones

Disappointment

A closed window
stares at me as
rain sheets down.
No pitter-pat,
No plinkety-plunk,
Just silent sheets
of rain.
My closest friend
was expected today.
She couldn't come,
Her nose has a cold.
I set a tea table
for one, two and three.
Now two will do;
as rain sheets down,
it will have to do
For teddy and me.

Kelli Gettles

The Night Before Finals

Jill Ballo

'Twas the night before finals,
And all through the house,
One creature was stirring,
It wasn't the mouse!

My parents were nestled,
All snug in their bed,
It had been a busy day,
Nothing danced in their heads.

The lights were turned off,
Alarms reluctantly set,
In hopes that next morning
They'd have enough rest.

But me with my coffee,
And stack full of books,
Had just settled down,
For a night full of work.

When out from my closet
There arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my desk
To see what was the matter!

I opened the door,
And realized with horror,
As books tumbled out,
I had to read seven more!

When the avalanche stopped,
I stared at the pile,
And looked with disgust,
As I read every title.

Spanish III, Math Anal,
Aristotle, Biology.
Our Constitution,
And Norton's Anthology.

So up to my desk top
I threw each new text,
Sat down in a chair
And wondered, what next?

The clock now read midnight
I had more to do,
I opened one book
And read to page two.

Then I turned in alarm
As I heard at my door,
Three faint little knocks
And finally one more.

Then I saw with surprise
As I opened it up,
There was my dad,
Wondering why I was up.

He was dressed in his robe,
The one made of red,
And he told me quite bluntly—
"It's two—go to bed."

My eyes how they throbbed,
And stung when I blinked,
My cheeks—oh so pale—
My brain couldn't think!

But I knew I must study,
And went back to work,
Then in a few minutes,
My head fell with a jerk.

So adjusting it nicely
On top of the desk,
I gave a tired sigh,
And finally got some rest.

But soon, way too soon,
The morning was here,
It was 7 o'clock,
Not a minute to spare.

So I sprang to my feet,
And put on clean clothes,
Ate a quick breakfast,
And powdered my nose.

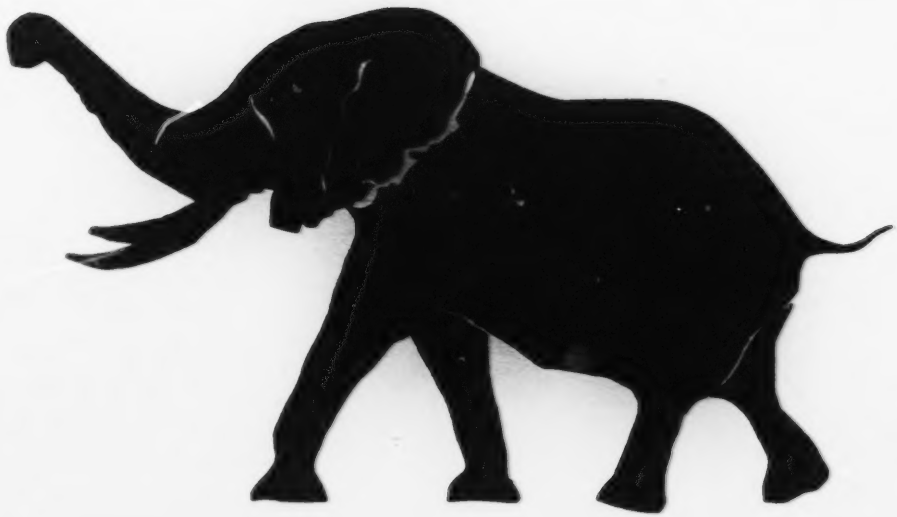
And they heard me exclaim
As I stumbled out the door
English, math and history
Oh—what a bore!

Paul Kuranko

Growing Pains

I remember when days were
carefree.
Each one a new discovery.
Playing hide and go seek
with the trees.
Running barefooted.
No time to fight or argue,
there was too much to see,
too much to do.
Now that I've grown,
responsibility sets in,
and the world seems a little colder,
at times,
but it still smiles.

Lesley Bell



Diana Weaver

School Daze

Instead of speaking English,
I tend to talk in Engfish.

And then we come to History,
More or less a mystery.

Math I do not understand.
I seem to do really well in band.

Espanol is nothing new,
We're supposed to speak the way they do.

Consumer Living, get a beau.
Creative Living, learn to sew.

Art is not my strongest class,
I used clay to make a glass!

For typing, ten fingers is sometimes too many,
But it would be a bear if we hadn't any.

Debate is mainly strategy,
You speak on your topic aggressively.

In Health you learn anatomy,
Too many parts of the body for me.

For computers, I have a thirst,
I must learn how to work one first.

In deutsch it's "ja", in French it's "oui",
It's yes in any language to me.

Journalism is writing in newspaper style,
The late breaking stories told with a smile.

P. E. is a class I cannot hack,
Much less make it once around the track.

Chemistry, Physics, Biology, Life,
Do I need all of this to be a good wife?

Along with our studies, we have other festivities,
Also known as extra-curricular activities.

When the four years are over, we'll all be quite sad,
For a good education, it wasn't half bad.

Patty Heivilin

Pain Of Time

Tri Nguyen

I woke with a start to a hot day, which had been preceded by a hot day, which in turn had been preceded by a hot day. The heat had been licking at the city for as long as I cared to remember. It showed itself in the sweat that always clung to my back, moistened my brow, and dampened my loins. I rolled slowly onto my belly, groaning at the low buzzing pain eating at my stomach. It vibrated with the intensity of a thousand basses, all of them drawing their E-strings, each slightly out of tune.

In my twenty-eight years I'd never felt such a sensation of pain. The buzzing and the sweat in my eyes made me fully aware of the impact of life around me. And I lay on my belly staring at the dust on the floor, listening to the tick of the clock, the drip of the leaky bathroom faucet. Outside, between the sounds of trucks and busses, I heard two girls making their way up the road with careless ease. It hadn't yet entered by mind that I should've been at the office, ticking away my life with each little penstroke. God! The pain in my stomach! What had I eaten yesterday? That would be Sunday. Nothing unusual...being a bachelor and not much of a chef, I normally fixed my own impromptu meals, having about the same thing just about every day. I had done nothing unusual, except. ...what had I done?

Ring ring, ring ring.

"Tiffany...Tiffany. Is that you?" It was me calling Tiffany.

"Chris, is that you? You sound miserable!"

"Same as...as usual, eh?"

"Really, Chris, are you OK?"

"Please...come over fast, Tiff. As I dropped the receiver I could hear Tiffany's small telephone voice: "OK, OK, I'm comming. Just wait a little..." Good old Tiffany.

I nearly passed out several times, what with the heat and the buzzing in my gut,

but I managed to struggle into shorts and a shirt. I staggered onto the small, brown balcony now brilliant in the light of the rising sun, its air much cooler than that of my apartment. I looked sadly into the city with my hands on my stomach. The anxious, fascinating sounds and smells of the city-at-night were decadent and tired in the sunshine. Haze hung like mustard gas over my city, boorish Japanese tourists gathered round the sights and hotels just as pigeons flocked around crumbs by a cafe. Even the old retirees who spent their days in the park feeding more pigeons were part of the reason behind my attraction to the neon and adrenaline of the night, but suddenly the glitter meant nothing to me.

God! The buzzing became more intense. I staggered, clutched by stomach, grabbed at the railing. Was it something I had eaten yesterday, or the day before, perhaps? Maybe it was the Chinese food I'd had with Tiffany Anderson and Carlos and the others. Yes, that may have been it, or maybe not. When had I eaten with them? I had no sense of the flow of time. I think it was the day before yesterday. Yes. But no! I would've stomached the....the what-do-you-call-thems by now.

"Say there, old fellow. Are you having some trouble?"

I looked in the direction of the resonant, almost condescending voice. It was Mr. Lauren, balcony to my right. A retiree, he seemed to spend most of his waking hours lounging on his balcony, painting the same scene of the city over and over.

"I said you're looking awfully ill. Have you been eating Chinese food or something? It doesn't agree with me at all, at least at this time in the morning." His face was decorated with a concerned smile. I found it unusual that he would have a different expression on his face every time I saw him. Almost disturbing. With the din of the morning traffic and the gulf between our balconies I barely made out what he was saying.

"Yes," I finally groaned. "I ate at the Imperial Palace... yesterday."

"Say, I can hardly hear you; speak up! But you know that Chinese food—you're bursting at the seams at six and are begging for a bite by six-thirty. Ha!"

"Yes," I managed. "It's very... ephemeral."

"Say, I can't hardly hear you at all. But your stomach; what's wrong with it? I said 'What's wrong with it!' If there's anything I can do..."

I gestured a respectful no, thank you.

"I say, if it's got anything to do with a buzzing in your stomach..."

"What? What's that you say?" My God! Did he know something? But it was no good. Someone was gunning his motorcycle and I was doubled-over in pain, a little hoarse to boot. But Tiffany's car was nervously wending its way through the mirages down the street. Surely she could take me to the hospital where the doctors could give me some...some pills or something, then we would go have...have a picnic...a picnic with wine and cheese and bread and sunshine! No, not sunshine. Sweat

was running down my forehead and dripping off the tip of my nose. I looked over and saw Mr. Lauren with his curious smile. The old fool was painting me!

• • •

Tiffany was standing over me when I came round. We were in a white, cool room which had a soft light that seemed to emanate from the walls. I was glad Tiffany was in heaven with me, for I'd had a mad crush on her since grade school, but we have remained only good friends. I admired her for her charm and refreshing candor, traits she attributed to her parents who were of French extraction; and the way she drew on her Lucky Strikes—she smoked them deliberately, as a diabetic might take his insulin. Funny. There were no other people in heaven. Mother always had said "If you're good on earth God will find you a place in heaven." Well I had neither gone to church nor had I filled out any of the proper forms. I was stunned to be here. I had lived a short life, but it was neither better nor worse than the next man's. I had lived a life. But wait—how did I die? And of all people why was old Tiffany up here with me? Ha! Where were all the others? Double ha!

Everything snapped into focus at that instant. I lay in a white hospital bed; the color of death and purity, I reflected. The white dove of...peace, too. Tiff was looking out the window. No, she was intently examining something, something on the ground perhaps a few floors below. Her eyes widened, the orbs flickering between two points as though she were watching a fight between two people. She moved her head forward to look down. Was one of them on the ground? No, the action must have moved indoors. She looked disappointed.

The buzzing pain seemed to have miraculously disappeared. I tried discreetly to poke a hole into my stomach with a finger to see if it was local anesthesia, which it wasn't. Tiffany heard me.

"Chris! You've come round!" She came over to my side. "I found you sprawled in the sun on your balcony. Some other tenants helped me drag you to my car and I took you here." The lack of fear in her eyes told me I was in no danger. For a moment I felt completely at ease, something I hadn't felt since...since before I woke up this morning, perhaps even earlier. The filtered sunshine, the air conditioning, Tiffan's perfume and her eyes, the disappearance of the buzzing pain—they almost lulled me back to sleep.

"What was that you were watching down there?"

"Oh, nothing, Chris, nothing at all. Wake up Chris. You should know you were suffering from heat exhaustion and delusions." She turned her head and almost looked pleased with herself. "Dr. Cleese said I got you in here in just---"

"Wait a minute! Tiffany," I slowly began, "did they do anything to my stomach?"

The question caught her off-guard, but she smiled. "Don't be absurd. There was

nothing wrong with your stomach. They gave you pills or something for heat exhaustion, but there was nothing to be done about your stomach. It's either delusions or Mexican food, my friend."

"Chinese," I said. But I was lost in thought. If the doctor's hadn't cured it, then it must have disappeared on its own when I collapsed. Or else my peace of mind might be an illusion, or even a delusion, as Tiffany had suggested. I remembered my vision of Heaven, but no—I had more faith in my mental abilities than Tiff did. Hmm.

"I don't think there's anything wrong with your stomach, Chris," said Tiff. "Just too many drugs I expect." She had moved back into the chair by the window noe, legs crossed and looking altogether very mysterious. She cocked her head, then in mock vexation: "Don't thank me all at one, you old garlic-eater, you!"

"I'm very clever, aren't I?" I said, smiling. "Come here, you. Give me a hug. Your garlic eater is indebted to you. Thanks...and all that."

"You're welcome...and all that."

"I'm just glad you're better. I think—. Hey. What's wrong now?"

I grimaced, clutching at my stomach. The old pain had come back. Not as strong as it had been, but it still was like a buzz-saw slashing through my intestines.

"I don't want to tell you I told you so, but—"

"You told me so," she finished.

• • •

I still could neither explain the mad reality of the pain nor could I make it go away. Tiffany hadn't understood it when I tried, through clenched teeth, to explain it to her. I'd insisted that we get out of the hospital to visit Mr. Lauren, the only other person who knew of the buzzing pain. The one fellow who might be able to help me. We were on our way to the Sierra Apartments to pay him a visit.

Mr. Lauren greeted us at the door with a mask of amused surprised gracing his face. He didn't look tired or faded by the heat like Tiffany and I did.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Allen. I'd expected you to come earlier, but—oh, come in." He showed us into a small apartment not unlike mine. I saw it was decorated with the paintings he produced from his porch, paintings of the same scene in a thousand different variations.

"Mr. Lauren, earlier this morning you said something about the pain buzzing in my stomach." I spoke carefully, wary of the strange expression he had on his face. "What do you know about it?" Even as I spoke it burned in my belly. "How the hell can I get rid of it!"

"I can't tell you what it is. No, I'm not allowed to do that. But I can help you. You can either get rid of it completely, or—"

"Yes. Yes! If you only could get rid of it for me. God! but it hurts!"

"All-right," said Mr. Lauren, "all right. As you like. Let me go get my pills." He left his chair with a bemused look on his face, shaking his head. "You won't like it, *young man.*"

Tiffany looked at me with pity. I must have looked a sorry sight bent over, my hands on my stomach, groaning periodically. She probably never knew such a pain. She looked up when Mr. Lauren entered the room with a box of pill-boxes.

"Take this." He handed me a white pill. "It'll get rid of it, OK."

I put it in my mouth and swallowed hard. It was gone, but I was left with a sensation of endless void in my stomach, like a thousand deaths! No, no I hadn't wanted this at all!

"Put it back!" I screamed, "put it back!" The air seemed to have been sucked from my lungs.

"Ha! I knew you'd want it back. Take this. I can make it seem gone, if you'd prefer that. These pills here. Just an illusion of peace, but it'll do the trick."

I took all the pills he gave me. Some round, some shapped llike crosses, blue and red and green and black. It was gone. The pain buzzing in my chest was gone. Or at least I couldn't feel it anymore.

"Tiffany! Mr. Lauren. It's gone! I don't feel it anymore." I rose and clasped Mr. Lauren's hands. "What did you give me? What were those things? Tell me!"

He moved languidly to his easel on the balcony.

"I say, it was just some stuff I got from a passing robin. Concentrated art, religion, and—" he looked back at us with a twinkle in his eye "—Chinese food."

Paul Kuranko

55

Suicide

She died this morning,
Suicide they say.
Some say she was a coward—
I say she was brave.
She put up with life for 16 years
She was exhausted.

She was shy, not many knew her,
Always the new kid in school.
Her father figured the bruises wouldn't be noticed that way.
He felt that if they kept moving, no one would notice.
She was the victim of unending beatings.
The pain was too great—heaven is less painful.

An empty aspirin bottle was found near her bed,
She had taken them all.
Ironic how that which cures can become that which kills.
She took them at night when no one would see.
This morning she was taken to a hospital,
There, she died.

It was a beautiful sunrise today
The kind that says heaven is smiling.
She was smiling too.
She deserves to be happy.

Patty Heivilin

Smaller Than A Breadbox

Ricky came to school full of happiness and cheer.
He said to all his classmates, "The great Ricky is here!"
"I have in my possession something very grand."
"It's smaller than a breadbox, yet bigger than my hand."
"I will show it to the world, the world wide and far!"
"Guess what it is. C'mon, it's not very hard."
Ricky's friends guessed, no luck seemed to come.
They tried to think what it was, impossible to some.
"I'll be nice," said Ricky. "I'll give you a clue."
"It's smaller than a breadbox and bigger than a shoe."
His friends put on their thinking caps and really tried to think.
Is it hard? Is it soft? It it yellow, green or pink?
Later in the hall there was Ricky with a crowd.
He stood there with a smile, full of poise and very proud.
Then suddenly a voice rang out, "I think you're just a phony!"
"Taking people's time up and giving 'em such boloney!"
Ricky turned around just as quick as a wink.
They stared at each other, neither of them blinked.
"You brag so much! You brag and sing!"
"Why...you may not have a single thing!"
Then Ricky stood up, his eyes were like a fire
As he siad to the kid, "You call me a liar?"
Ricky was burning; he was mad and sore.
He looked at his friends and stomped out the door.
Ricky was never seen again, his friends all miss him so.
And, by the way, that thing he had? I guess we'll never know.

John Visser

Yes, I Remember Mamma

Chestnut, silken locks, delicate hands
Ivory skin, lips like cherries
Icy-blue eyes, a radiant smile.
Yes, I remember Mamma.

Feathers, lace and ruffles,
Atomizers of crystal, lipstick of crimson
Silk Taffeta, a string of pearls.
Yes, I remember Mamma.

A soothing voice, consoling 'I love you'
Warm hugs, a kiss on my forehead
A trustworthy soul, Never a harsh word.
Yes, I remember Mamma.

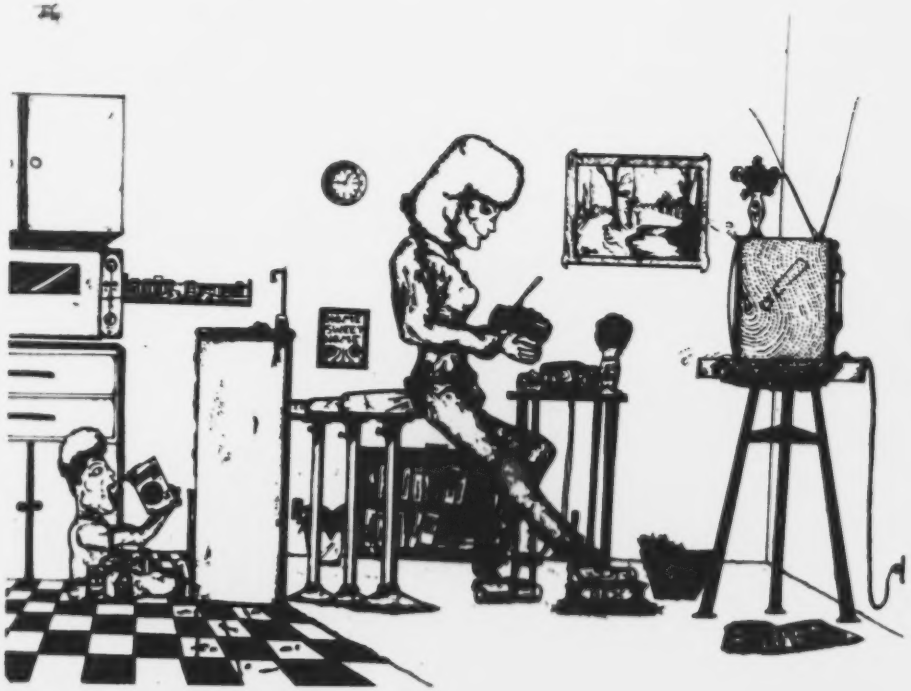
Chocolate chip cookies, hot cups of tea,
Cinnamon rolls, bedtime stories,
Snowmen in January, picnics in May.
Yes, I remember Mamma.

A beautiful woman, a faithful wife
A dedicated mother, a marvelous cook
My best friend, my one and only 'mommy.'
Yes, I remember Mamma.

A funeral procession, a minister in black,
The pall bearers, a casket,
Flowers, tears and serenity.
Yes, I remember Mamma.

Kelly-Ann Christopherson

The Negligent Babysitter



Tony Vujovich

To Regain The Child

to regain the child
to see windmills as dragons
laughing at myself
laughing with you
connecting the dots
with florescent crayons

to chew or let the last
chocolate chip cookie
melt in my mouth

'saying the wrong things
at the right times
what will I be when I grow up?

letting adultophobias pass
letting the anger dissolve into laughter
let you retain the child

Karen Mikolasy

First Place, Photography *Laura Wedlund*

Trouble In Fantasyland

I latched onto my small cousin's doll-sized hands as we strolled through the Disneyland gates. One ill-timed itch, one moment of reckless abandonment or release, and they'd be scurrying around inside the vast mob of tourists, lost from sight. I unrealistically hoped I was ready for the long day ahead of me. I already felt a bit battle-weary from the battering fists of the two children at my sides, and began to regret the decision to babysit my aunt's 'little darlings' on this day.

"Well, what should we do first?" I queried, trying not to show my apprehension.

"Eat!" bellowed Scott.

"No, I getta see Snow White!" cried Nicole.

"How about a ride?" I stupidly pleaded.

We squeezed and ducked our way through the maze of people, stopping at a few food stands along the way. Little did I realize what the consequences of those tasty pacifiers would be. Four carameled popcorn balls and three cotton candies later, we reached our destination: The Twisting Tarantula. The ride rocked, spinned, and somersaulted its way to the sky. After what seemed like twelve hours, we staggered off-intact, but a little green around the edges.

Our next stop was the bathroom which we had to wait in line for, just like any other popular Disneyland ride.

Afterwards, we were able to find Snow White. I had Nicole stand next to her as I snapped a photograph. Nicole beamed at the camera, and then got sick all over Snow White's dainty white dress. I had never heard a fairytale princess use such language before!

The rest of the day is just a big blur in my memory, (I think I've tried to block it out.) All that comes to mind is Nicole and Scott alternating between spurts of hysterical giggling and violent illness attacks. Somehow I managed to survive Disneyland, but to this day, the words "Mickey Mouse" send shivers up my spine.

Wendy Staley

Solitaire

It is very late,
the others sleep.
Not I.
I sit wondering about
the days gone by and
those to come.
The cat claws at
the door from outside.
(I hope it is the cat.)
Dogs bark in the
distance.
Perhaps
they are lonely, too—
wanting to awaken,
to attract a companion
in the deep of
night.
Someone with whom
to sit and
wonder.

Wendy Staley

The Snowiest Season

The Earth is draped in white,
Its winter wardrobe bright;

Trees hide in wraps of frost
As flakes, from clouds, are tossed

The Holidays are near!
"Vacation, too!" we cheer.

Children are building snowmen,
Sledding down hills again!

And still, down the snow falls—
Hands shape it into balls.

Inside some children dart—
A fire warms both the hands and the heart.

Wendy Staley

Christmas

The last leaves of fall
have been swept away,
frost sprouts from the earth
in patchy plumes;
The poultry feast has been
devoured, and
shops flood as readily
as pockets drain.

A majestic atmosphere
clouds the air,
neighbors, relatives and friends,
enveloped in the "yule tide"
With sub-comfortable temperatures and
pre-packaged water-flakes.
God has made his people one.

Kevin Smith

The Sanctuary

The morning had been cool, now as the sun climbed higher, the heat rose, bathing the city and leaving no shadow untouched. The road my sister and I were taking was familiar to me. As I stared out of the window of the car, I felt a dull sleepiness come over me.

The car glided through the traffic and turned into a shady street. Here, along the curb, my sister parked our car in a spot under a tree, which is the best place to park in hot weather.

We stepped out of the car and awakened as a light breeze whispered by us. Ahead of where we faced, the sanctuary stood, surrounded by an outer court and a stretch of grass. The majestic and the not-so-majestic trees near the sanctuary offered a shady repose to any fugitive of the heat. When we reached the sanctuary, the doors in a gesture of welcome glided open with a blast of cool air. As we walked in, the doors closed behind us, shutting out the noisy world. Except for the occasional muffled footsteps on the carpet and the click of droning machines, the whole place was quiet.

We walked on further and entered the vast courtyard where people from all walks of life gathered and lounged. My sister stayed behind, while I continued walking up the rampway to a higher level floor. I decided to walk into the labyrinth of the columns.In these columns laid the treasures waiting to be discovered. I continued on my quest until I found the treasure I desired.

With my treasure, I arrived at my destination in the far reaches of this sanctuary. I eased into a contour chair. The alcove with its glass walls that viewed the world and the cool air made me sigh. Here in the library, I drifted into a reverie of forest green, wind-swept hills and salty beaches.

Mireille Chae

Lisa Sjong

House Upon A Norse Death

April Mael

Once upon a time, as all legendary tales begin, there was a dilapidated, ramshackle house in the center of a small pasture. Surrounding this pasture the rest of a middle-class town went on with life. The house was encircled by a short, neglected picket fence. On top of it a barbed wire fence which reached fairly high stood, preventing an entrance.

The people walking by this house seemed to ignore it, and if you inquired about it, they just shrugged and walked away. There seemed to be an aura about the house that, besides the fence, secluded it from the outside world. The same mystical aura that you say, you could feel—a cold, enveloping sensation that left a mysterious awe and sent a shiver down your spine.

The looks of the house were not extraordinarily spectacular, for a 19th century mansion left to rot. Stairs with crevices throughout led up to a rickety porch with an entry of double doors. Above the porch roof were two windows like bulging eyes. Since the windows lacked glass, worn and torn, faded curtains billowed in and out.

But it was not quite as simple as that. Keep in mind the description. Without being there, you tend to lose the feeling, the sinister aura within, but try to picture in your mind its omniscence, looming down on you with the emptying, fleeting sensation of apprehension you get when drowning; or when facing a firing squad as you hear the guns cock.

Keeping in mind this sensation, listen to the rest of the story: As you explore the history of the town, you find many interesting—shall we say "instances"?

Dating back to 1347 A.D., the land where the house is now was once a village and later became the sight of an early Norse burial ground. The tale starts out as many Viking tales probably do—by saying that they were known for the audacity

for creating unpleasant situations and surroundings. Fiesty creatures, these were never at peace with themselves, let alone with other peoples.

One contributing factor in their downfall might have been fighting amongst villagers. Even such chaos was between family members. One case was between two brothers. It seemed they had despised one another from the beginning of their lives. They swore vengeance for small things, placing curses on each other to last even beyond death. Well, as it happened, jealousy rose up between them over nonexisting things and things of little consequence whatsoever.

Since we don't know their names, we will call them Jacob and Esau. Jacob had as much hatred for Esau as his being could provide. After one particularly bitter quarrel in their childhood, he put a curse on Esau that if he should die first, he should have vengeance. Esau should be instantly and grotesquely mutilated and haunt in that spot forever until he could be persecuted no longer.

Eventually they forgot completely about this, and as the years passed, Jacob found a woman whom he loved with all of his heart, body and soul. Now, Esau, seeing Jacob's love for Rachel, was dismayed and extremely jealous. He knew that if he could destroy this love, he could win the ultimate battle. Well, as it occurs, he did. He didn't destroy any love, but he deceived Jacob into thinking that he, Esau, had Rachel's love. When Jacob learned of this deception, he was justly upset. His heart was broken, never to heal, but to remain as an open, aching wound for the rest of eternity.

He did what he thought was the only way out of his grief. He committed suicide. In the middle of one blustery, gloomy night, he did the fatal task. He hung himself from a tree outside his home. Upon this act, a child's prank innocently forgotten, was also enacted. Esau was also dead within seconds of Jacob's death. The villagers found them both in the morning. Jacob in his home, with a horrible, pained look on his face never to leave. His bloated tongue hung limply from his bluish head. Esau they also found, hanging from the bow of the boat he treasured most. The epitome of horror streaked his face when you looked upon it resting in his arms at his side. Amost completely mutilated, the villagers could hardly tell who he was.

Consequently, you can imagine the impact of this shock on Rachel. For the rest of her life she lived unhappily, secluded from the town. She never married and, as far as anyone knew, she never spoke again, not even to utter a prayer. Some said that she looked at the dead men and so speechless was she that she remained dumb the rest of her natural life.

* * * * * * * *

Well, time flew on, and the world didn't stop developing and growing for three lost souls. We proceed now to the late 1800's. In the same exact spot which later

became a burial ground, the same plot of land where Jacob died, the girl haunts. From one cruel act, a chain of unnatural deaths occur to follow and linger on for centuries as a reminder of the past, present and future of lost love, hate and vengeance. And not only does the girl, Rachel, haunt; Jacob and Esau also haunt what is now an old, beat-up 19th century home. So, the three continue in their useless search for peace, forgiveness and fulfillment.

Now the land is secluded. The people that built the house, a family of four, spent only one sleepless night in it. Being present in the house brought the dreaded feeling of extreme, infinite loneliness, such as the three tortured young spirits experienced. The enveloping sensation that all of a sudden started to ease over you, sending a shiver of heinous terror down your spine and setting your hair on end.

The people that spend one night in the house: the father, Elias Jones, was committed to an asylum. Diagnosis—severe schizpohrenia and hysteria, source "unknown". The mother, Mary Beth Jones, committed suicide—hung herself. The two children? Well, no one knows what happened to them.

To this day it sits there, secluded, abandoned, looking forlorn. But no one goes near that house...mothers even warn their children not to play in the yard or even to talk about it. People avoid it, but when they have to pass it, they ignore it. Architects once tried to renovate it, but after a series of eerie happenings and the disappearance of the architects themselves, the house was left alone. If you ask about it, folks for a second show alarm on their faces and then, as quickly as it appears, it disappears. And they deny knowing anything about it.

So it stands as a lonely solitaire, battered curtains waving in the breeze, grass growing around it long with unkempt weeds rooting all around.

You can almost hear it's desolate presence, calling, calling...

Andy Rees

Designs To Read

Daily he shoots the paper
through the shattered air,
bruising the porch with war,
crises, scandals, obituaries.

The news comes brutally.

Sometimes he beats on the door,
so I smile and give him money
to make him leave;
his bicycle cuts wounds in the lawn.

Why must we smile
Why must I smile at this boy who brings
me recycled newsprint.
I long to tell him
"Make it new.
The news, Make it new."

But we only smile fatuous teeth,
smile of anchormen and those who die
for God.
Tell me, why must we smile?

"Etiquette," he says.
"Etiquette and
Discipline."

He has been well trained,
He has a fine smile, but though he wears the right clothes,
He doesn't know how to fix televisions.
Here's your money kid, go away.
I laugh easy now.

Since the TV died, the living room
affects a veil of darkness, my distractions
crumple to a copy of the **Times.**

I look through his paper, posturing absurdly in the
game of knowledge. Peanuts, the world in Peanuts.
Discipline, he said, so I turn to Page 1, Square 1.
"U.S. journalist killed in El Salvador."
The news comes brutally this year. As before. Except
one year.

They predicted Barishnikov
would be stabbed in the groin.
I paid special attention
to the news

that year.

Tri Nguyen

Butterflies

She
jerks back her
chair into a table
behind, where I sit
and note the pencil-line
mouth on her newsprint
face as she looks
to four o'clock at something
I can't recall.

She
clutches a white, razor
thin sheet of paper
covered with narrow
blue lines, and rising
so her tenuous brown
hair shadows her
glasses, walks past a
wet-grey window to lean
on the podium.

She
swallows hard like when
she takes aspirin without
water and clears her
throat, the thin sheet a
butterfly caught in her
hand like the ones I
used to catch on lazy
summer days in the
garden.

Tri Nguyen

July

is the dirty, pudgy girl
on her way down the road:
wiry pigtails swinging
and red face frowning
with concentration,
she hops across the sidewalk;
carefully over all the cracks.

Determined; her head
bent down to watch her step,
reveals the milky white neck
scribbled with straggling brown hair.

Money clenched
in one grubby fist,
and a crooked stick in the other,
as she heads to the store.

The only sound in the still muggy air
is the tiptapping of her stick
on the dusty street.

Vivienne Allen

Cary Jordan

Postcard Poem

Ideas are like stars;
I will not succeed
In touching them
with my hands;
But like the seafaring man
On the desert
Of waters
I choose them
As my guides.
Follow them
I reach my destination
I reach for the stars.

Carol Loper

"The thought that leads to no action, is not thought—it is dreaming."
Eliza Lamb Martyn

Budweiser (Bud for short), our dog, has always been willing to please, avoiding reprimand at all cost. As a con artist, he has convinced unknowing victims he starves and is continually mistreated.

Inside, Bud has always had aspirations of being a great hunting dog. He would sit in the living room listening to the neighborhood renegades tell their adventures to the cool night air. As they lifted their muzzles and started their tales, Bud would think, "One of these days I'll do that. Those rabbits had better stock up for long periods of isolation. I'll be their 'rabbit enemy #1'."

Bud saw himself running through the forest on a little used path. The tree branches flew back as he whizzed past and the ground went by in leaps and bounds. On either side birds flew up into the air, twittering their alarm.

Bud could feel his heart growing stronger and his lungs expanding. Each footfall could be heard less than before. "I'll soon be ready for those rabbits," he thought. "Rabbits, beware, Budweiser is almost ready for you."

He was bounding on silently, in great stride when the trees gave way. He came to a stop on the edge of a wide meadow. He could smell a lake, and a marsh, out across the wide expanse of slightly swaying grass. Along the horizon he could make out the jagged peaks of forlorn mountains.

Bud waded out into the shoulder high grass, flexing his muscles. He owned the world and nothing could get in his way.

Suddenly, right under his nose, a rabbit leaped and dashed away across the meadow. Bud jumped after it in quick pursuit, his neck stretched out and his head low to the ground.

In and out they snaked, first one way, then another, creating a zigzag in the grass. The shore of the lake drew near but on they raced, leaving a trail in the muck along the waterline.

The pheasants, startled, flew into the air and the ducks glided out to the middle of the lake. The meadow was put on alert and all hunted things went into hiding.

The race led on around one end of the lake and up into the foothills of the mountains. Through a narrow passageway the rabbit dashed with Bud close on her heels, the foam streaming from his mouth. His paws were cut and bruised by the loose stones and his energy was on the ebb.

Just as he was beginning to falter the passage came to a dead end. The rabbit lay there trembling, blood streaming from her paws, her eyes bugged out with the exertion of breathing.

Bud sat down and comtemplated his catch. As he thought about what to do with the rabbit, the background began to fade. He came awake with a start in a pool of early morning sunshine.

He thought about his night's adventure for a few seconds, decided, "Maybe tomorrow," rolled over, and started his morning nap. And so, the con artist, with all his skill, cannot convince himself to achieve his desires.

Beth Lange

Gala Day

I lie upside down and sideways
Under the Christmas Tree.
The Menorah lights up the tinsel
Like strips of Milky Way.

The Star of Bethlehem and the Star of David
Glow as one.
And the light warms our home
Like the sparkle of day.

Outside, carolers stand
in "Silent Night"
Like the melody of "Light the Candles"
Sleeps in my head.

Rebekah McCarthy

Andy Rees

Rocky Horror Today

The following was written on a Sunday morning, after awakening from the previous night's ripping Rocky rendezvous. The article was intended for a "Rocky Rag," but at the last minute I decided that it deserved wider circulation.

---the author

Last Saturday, my friends and I returned to Rocky. All of us are drama people; we had, in the previous months, been rehearsing long hours, and any spare time we found was devoted to sleeping. But finally, the play had ended, and, rejoicing in the return of free time, we donned black, grabbed our heels, and took off for the Neptune.

The Neptune, a landmark repertory theatre currently in its sixth Rocky year, is located about two blocks from Washington State's largest university, so the audience is mainly of college age. This location has presented a few problems: UW jocks like to come to the theatre and harass any hapless Frankies they catch off-guard. The night we went, however, no one was in costume, so the jocks drove disappointedly away, never to be heard from again (till next week).

It was strange to see how the audience had changed during our absence. The "regulars" are gone, or at least, had thinned out, but the size of the crowd was more or less the same. The loss of the regulars was, in some ways, a pity (i.e., no costumes), but strangely enough, also gone was the "We-are-the-leaders-you-are-the-followers-so-do-what-we-say-or-else" feeling. The majority of the audience were no longer just observers; everyone was now part of the show.

We entered the theatre and sat in the front row. (The front row at the Neptune is thankfully a good distance from the screen. When I first saw Rocky (at a different

theatre) I had also sat in the front row, and during the Time Warp, I felt as though Columbia was dancing on my face.)

I wandered among the first couple of rows, distributing the RH Shop cards that Alan insists on sending me. I also circulated a few back issues of Shoptalk (it is worth noting that Betzi's and Cortina's art work received raves). Up front my best friend "Darb" was feeling radical because he was wearing eyeliner and an ear cuff, and he started a game of football with a huge stuffed metallic fish that I had just found at a thrift shop.

Through all of this, the sound system was broadcasting the themes of such late greats as "Gilligan's Island," "The Monkees," "Green Acres," "Mr. Rogers," and the one that was met with the greatest response—"The Adams Family" (snap, snap).

The lights dimmed and after "LET'S ALL GO TO THE LOBBY" (which we sang and danced to), the "NO SMOKING" and"NO OPEN FLAMES" warnings, they played the Shock Treatment promo, which we also danced to. Then the movie started.

The recently released (five days earlier, to be exact) Participation Album had already made a small impression with the libretto, but mainly the standard Neptune lines prevailed. "There's a Light" was very effective, with all the lights flickering in synch with the screen. Every few minutes I would get hit with my fish, which was still sailing periodically through the air.

The funniest moment in the evening occurred during an impromptu acting out of "Hot Patootie," when my friend Rebekah (Columbia) jumped into the unprepared arms of her Eddie, and they both went crashing to the floor.

When Frankie proposed his toast, we unfortunates in the front row were showered by an unprecented amount of dry bread. (Later, during the Time Warp reprise there was a definite crunch every time we took our jump to the left.)

The only new line that made an impression was when Frankie's "I'm Going Home" crowd disappeared, someone started singing "THEY ALL WENT TO THE LOBBY, THEY ALL WENT..."

The movie ended, they played the Time Warp again, and for good measure, replayed Sweet Transvestite. We filed out into the February, and made our way to Darb's van. Several people came up and urged us to return the following weekend. I guess we gave them a good performance.

The show had been decidedly different. Gone were the days of simultaneously chanted lines—the show was not a hodgepodge of inspired shouts. But there had been a feeling of unity throughout the theatre that could never have been felt a year earlier. In my opinion, it has changed for the better.

Chrissy Cameron

German

Ich bin dass, dass bist du.
The words seem interchangeable.
Verbs at the end, no middle, no start,
Switchey changey, I'm confused.
You spit when you talk,
Get wet when you listen;
It's a no-win situation.
Why do I take this German Class?
When French has much more eloquence.

Darwin Bell

"The rain does not fall all on one roof."

The Elwe tribe

There was another world crisis today
as the wind blew rainfront needles
into my raincoat that now hangs
like a deflated doll.

The problems started with a single rain drop,
hit me square in the eye,
rolled off my face to the floor.

My small puddle collected, multiplied and grew.
That first drop was soon out of control
as the rain reached the collar of my coat.

I surfaced for awhile
as the river tumbled me downstream.
I was swept up to the waterfall.
Still more rain fell.

The turmoil here kept me careening toward the ocean.
I arrived and spotted a whale.
He swam by but paid me no attention.
The sharks and stingrays welcomed themselves
into my ocean
that was started by a single rain drop.

I set out to gather my belongings
and swim home.
I couldn't find my raincoat;
It had floated out to the creatures
of the ocean,
reappearing chewed and bitten.
My ocean's not my size anymore.

Kelli Gettles

Cary Jordan

BRIAN LYONS

Her Doubt

He was going away
to war, to war.
He was!
He embraced me on the shipping dock.
Would it be our last?
Or the first of many?
Our only concern
was this embrace.
This arm twining,
lip smacking,
tear smearing embrace.
Would he be a hero?
Return to me?
He was going to war,
to war.

Kelli Gettles

Peace

The bomb explodes, no one survives.
No winners, no losers
No you or I.
What's the point? So many ask.
To carry out
Death's ultimate task.
In the light of what we know,
Shouldn't harmony be
Life's afterglow?

Darwin Bell

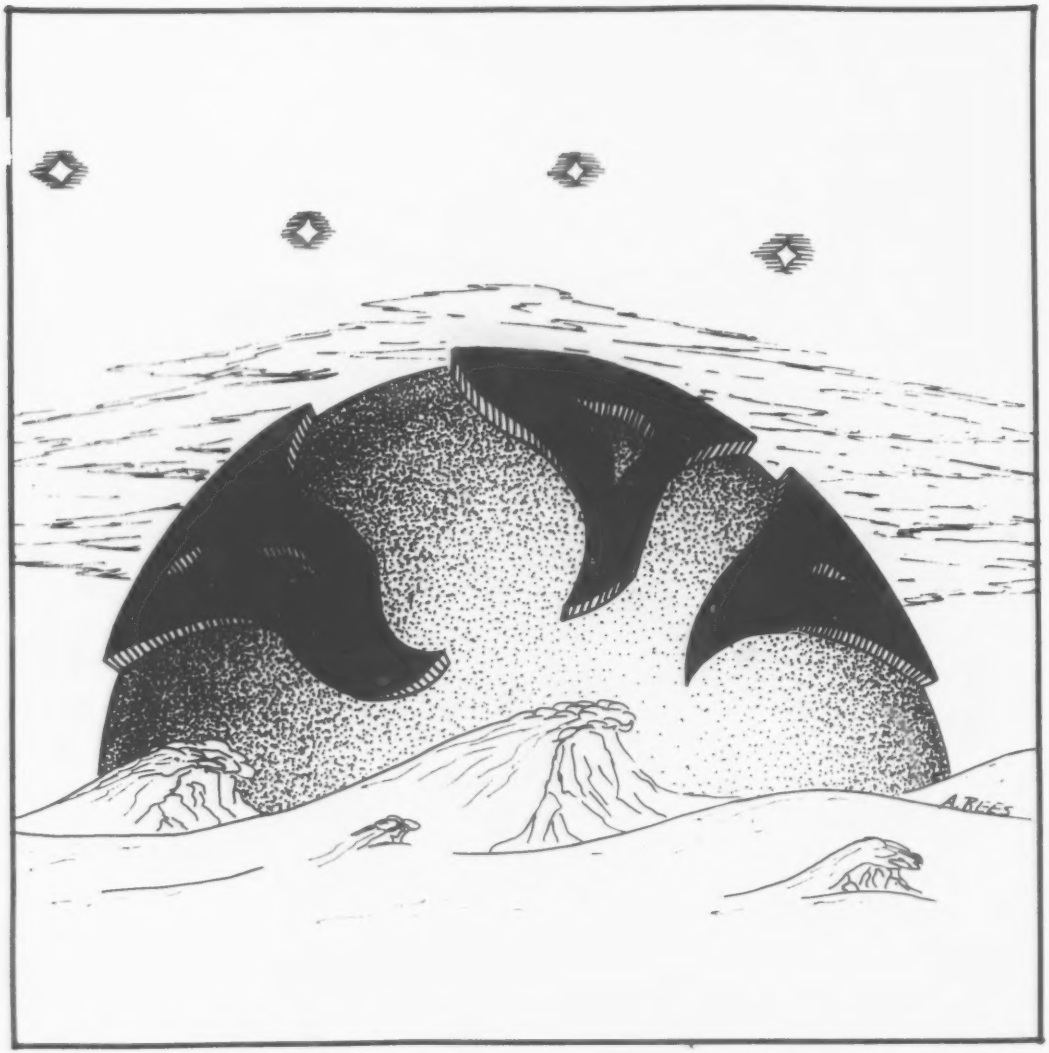
1999

Empire lies,
sprawling waste.
The palace
now silent in its shaded splendor,
hiding centuries of crimes
sponsored by computer-age barbarians,
flashing push-button weapons
at innocent, unseen foes.

Screaming unheard desperation,
at godly tyrants
submerged in greed
and apathy
and mad political fervor.

How could they forget?.
Not even they are
immortal.
And shall pay
for their atomic sins.

Paul Olson



Andy Rees

"Who is madder, he who is, or he who pretends to be?"
Cervantes

Madness

Johnny the class clown
And Steve the paranoid.
Johnny ate worms
And shoved raisins up his nose.
Steve's relatives were attacked
By Arabian belly dancers and the Mafia.
Johnny: Ridiculed and ignored;
Steve: Center of attention and sympathy.

Johnny wanted the attention Steve had,
So Johnny developed a mental illness.
His new role:
Johnny the Psychopath.
Growling,
Flaunting a knife,
Sneaking up behind people and
Then with a scream,
Waving a hatchet overhead.

Phil did not believe Johnny.
Phil said Johnny was phony.
Phil was decapitated in Geometry.

Steve was mentally unbalanced.
Johnny wanted to be,
And tried to be,
And succeeded;
Madder than Steve.

Great-uncle George was dying.
He was a rich and crazy old man.
He was leaving his money
To his favorite relative,
His relative who was the most fun.

His daughter Susan was too mellow.
His cousin Fred was too rigid.
His sister Martha was too somber.
His niece Joan was too serious,
But Joan was smart.

Joan was wild around Great-uncle George:
Playing loud music
And dancing by herself,
Roller-skating through the house,
Telling ridiculous jokes
And laughing hysterically.
Now Joan lives in a mansion in Beverly Hills.

Great-uncle George was crazy.
Niece Joan was not,
But pretended to be,
And grew richer.

When madness is unreal,
Done pointlessly to amuse,
It is madder than mad.
But when madness is portrayed
For reasons purposeful and clear,
It is best to act mad.

Sheri Pym

Leaves

The leaf falls,
through its brethren branches,
like life,
through the branches of time,
slowly descending,
finally resting,
on the unrelenting earth,
soon to be swept away,
forgotten.

Todd Malan

Blackhole

My beauty is a blackhole—
where there is nothing, we are fine.
But at a party, in a store,
some forget that she is mine.

My beauty is a blackhole,
draws in all around,
eyes and minds of other guys—
It is really quite profound
that a lady like her,
a flowering lily,
would fall for a fellow like me.

Bent Mangor

The New Pirate Tony Vujovich

One Man's Ceiling Is Another Man's Floor

Those things which I strive for, you've already done.
The battles I fight, you've already won.
My sacrifices to you are no more,
Because my ceiling may well be your floor.

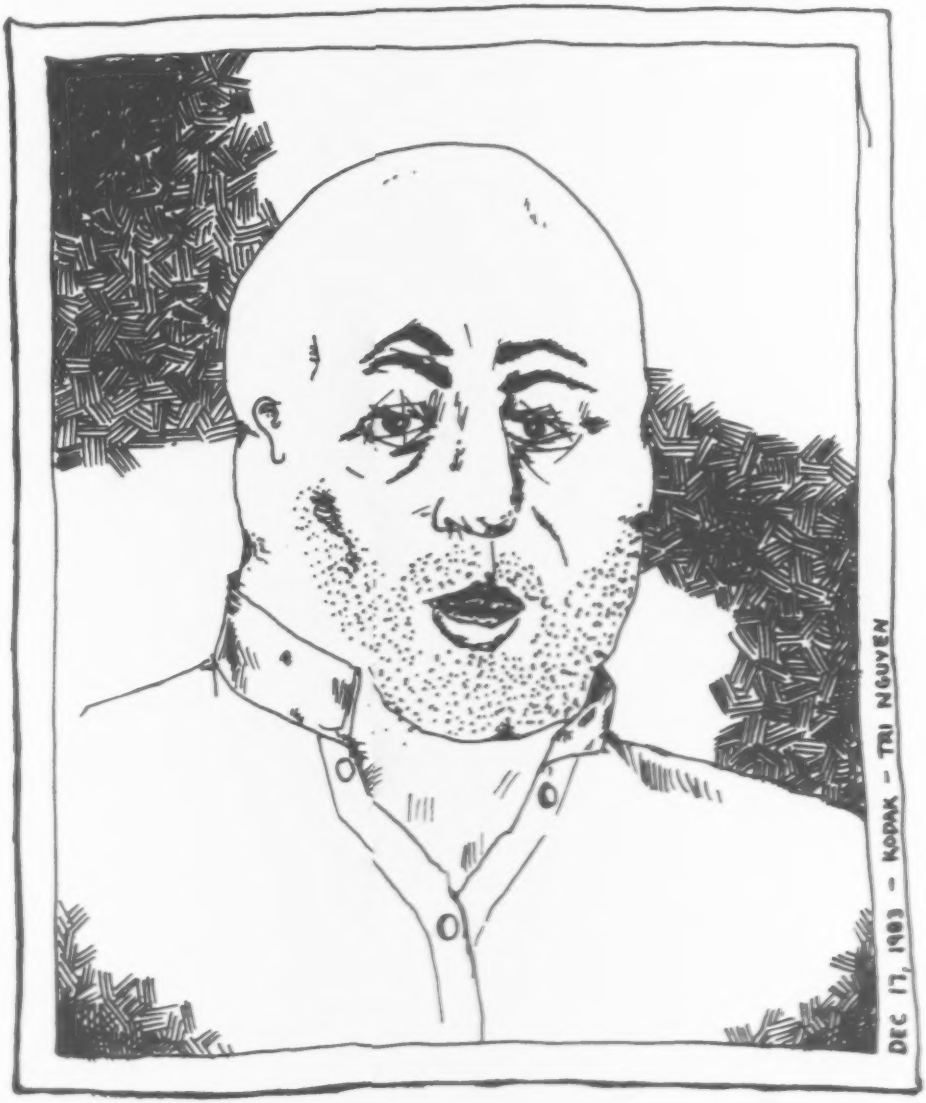
You've overcome things which I've not yet seen.
You can be an arm onto which I can lean.
You have come this far, so go on for more,
But remember, my ceiling may well be your floor.

Don't cut me down for my little advances.
I must do my best and keep taking chances.
When you see my face please don't slam the door,
Because my ceiling may well be your floor.

The mountains I climb seem to reach to the sky,
But after a while they don't seem so high.
I'm sure in your life to great heights you will soar,
But remember, my ceiling may well be your floor.

Although my successes may seem somewhat small,
It's better than having none at all.
I know all my raving may be a bore.
Please listen, my ceiling may well be your floor.

Patty Heivilin


DEC 17, 1983 - KODAK - TRI NGUYEN

Another Life

It is winter.
The small bush conceives,
ready to bear in the spring.

The winds chill less.
Inside, small movements begin.

A thin shoot reaches out,
Stretching for space.

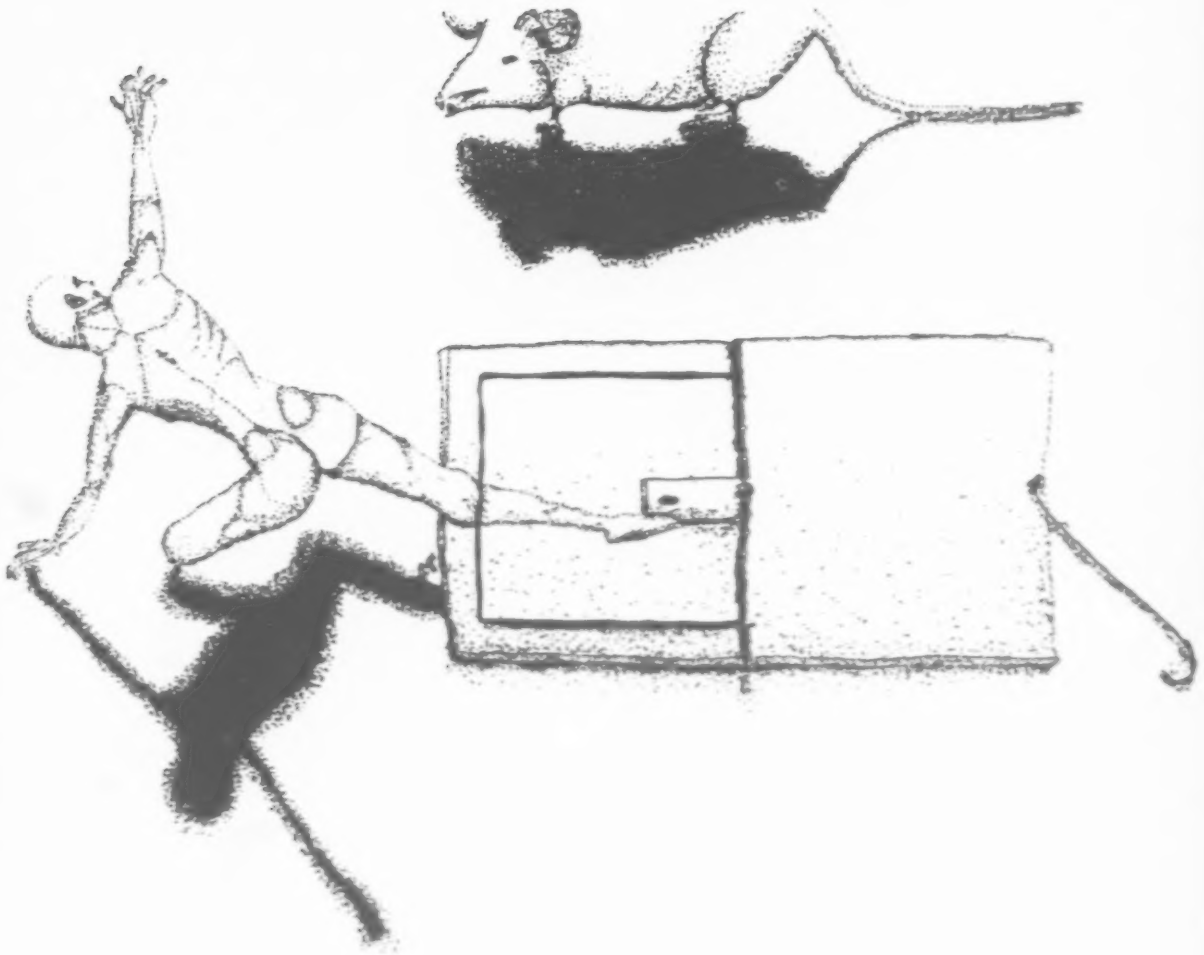
The warming sun touches the growth,
Encourages directions.

Life stirs within,
Arranging the beginnings of a flower.

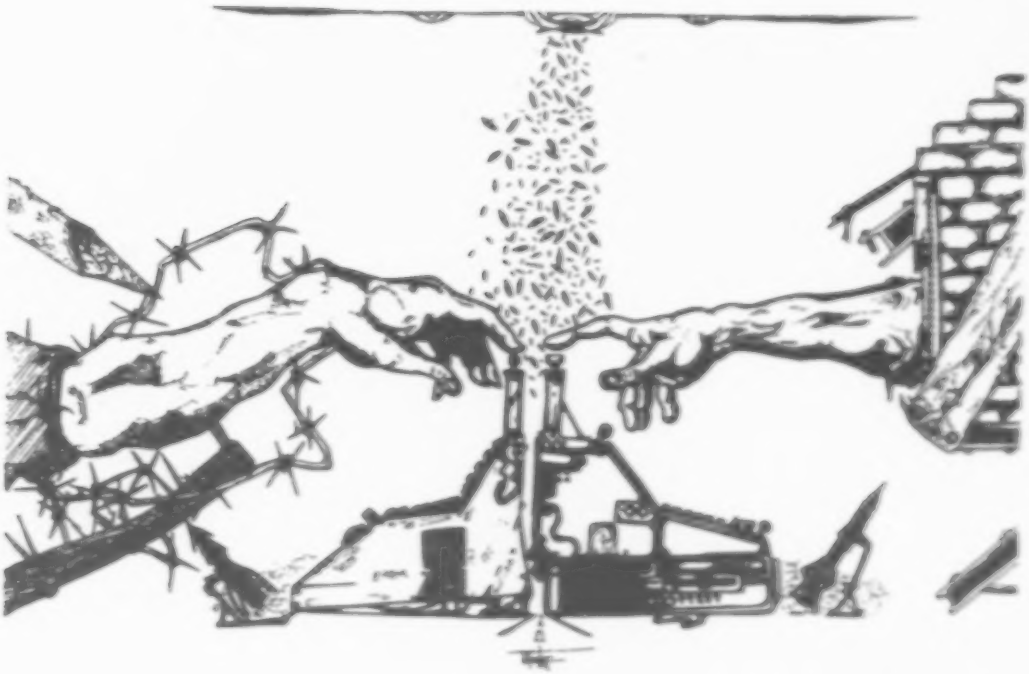
Weeks pass.
In an instant of color
Labor begins.

The plant forces all she has
Into creating brilliance and beauty
For the delicate, infant rose bud.

Margaret McCurdy



Peopletrap/Cathy McCadden



Tony Vujovich

If Dreams Could Be Sold

Tommy Skyler had to write an essay on dreams. He had no idea what to say or even how to start. After school he walked home with his friend, Bill.

"I'm writing on how dreams affect people's lives," Bill said to Tommy.

"Well, I don't have any idea about mine."

"Hey, Tommy, you better hurry and think about one. It's due tomorrow, you know."

"Yea, I know."

That night Tommy sat at his desk ready to start his essay. After thinking for what seemed hours, he fell asleep.

The next thing he knew he was in some sort of department store. Tommy turned around and saw someone take a basketball off the shelf and walk out the door. Tommy rushed to the manager and explained his story.

"Yea, so what?" was all that come from the man. "Now run along and hold up a bank or something."

The puzzlement grew inside him as he wondered what kind of place he was in. Everything was different. Just as if there were no rules at all!

Tommy ran out as fast as he could. He ran all the way to the park. But he wished he hadn't. There in front of his eyes were all kinds of things that were breaking the law. He saw speeders, shoplifters, people vandalizing and fights of all sorts. Then a kid about twice his size came up to Tommy.

"Hey, you're new aren't ya?" the bully questioned. Sweat was rolling down Tommy's face. He knew that no matter what he said he would be beaten up, even if he said nothing. He looked around him; people of all ages were watching...even policemen (which they really didn't need).

"Well, small fry?" he asked clenching his fist. It was now or never.

Then Tommy blacked out. When he came to his senses, he was on the floor with his hand in his mouth.

He went downstairs and asked his mom for a cookie.

"Anything you want!" she said.

"No! Don't say that!" Tommy exclaimed. Tommy then had what he was going to write on.

John Visser

The Forest

I pass by a lake with an island and green edges.
The cold breeze through the window. I shiver,
to the songs of a bird
that I hear.

I see the green tree with a nest on it
where little birds are born
and the nasty mosquitos
and the long grazing October grass.

I lie under a big Evergreen with pinecones
butterflies all around. A lady bug eats
up a blue leaf. And I
am happy to be alive.

Rebekah McCarthy

Nature's Yard

My yard has given up the fight,
The dying and wilting have come.
Life once blossomed, but it has since come and gone.
The leaves on the trees have exhausted their green,
Only to leave golden skeletons dried on the ground.
My head drops as all I see is yellow grass beneath.

This yard of mine it's battled worse.
The buds they struggled against the early frost,
While the older measured up to the midsummer
draught.
Now this fight it's given in to this visible sign,
The course of nature.

Alan Johnson

Cricket

His one small note
Is summer personified.
Hiding in the summer night—
Always heard,
Never seen.
An off-key pitch pipe
He is a constant reminder
Of the winter's silence.

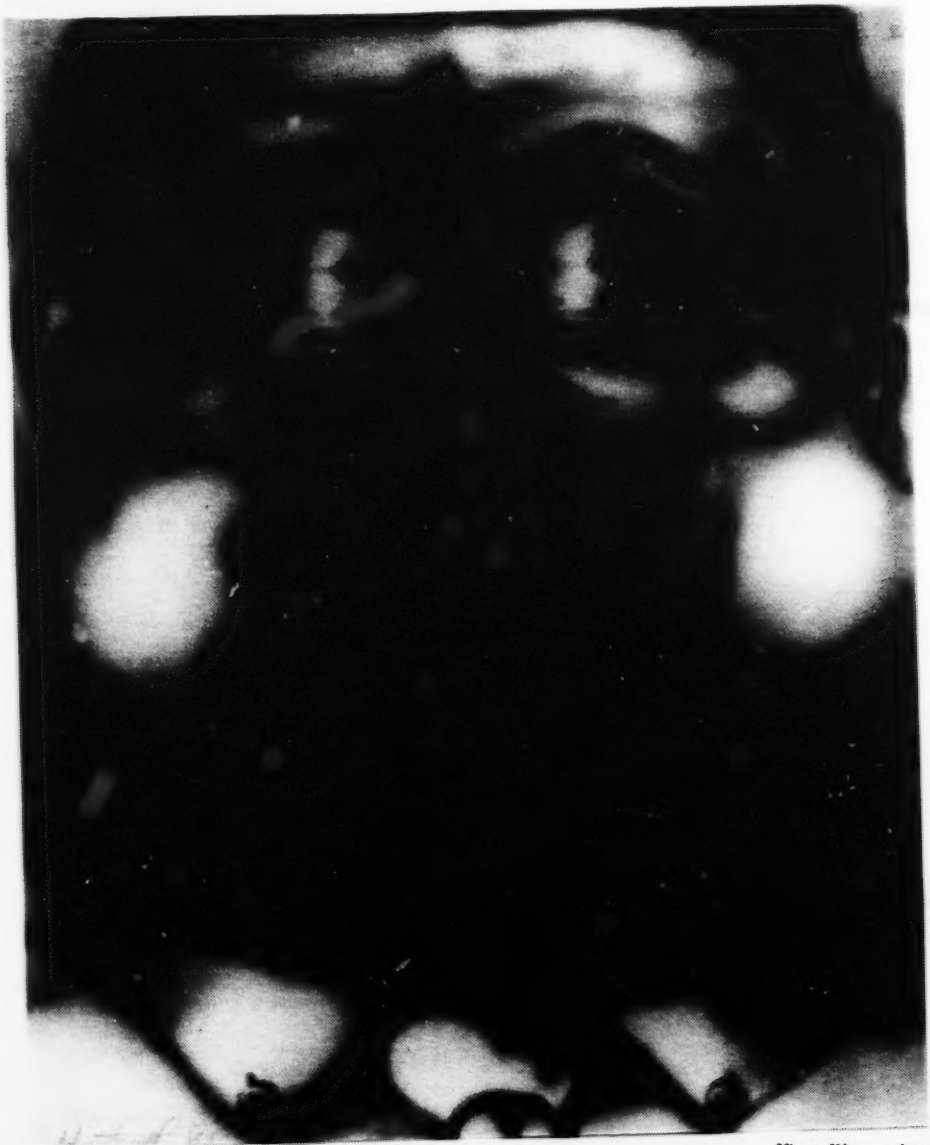
Juli Kenyon

Ruth Scham

The Player

Here I stand
Alone.
My hands sweep
The sleek, ivory keys,
Playing my song.
For no one.
The melody sways,
Grows louder,
Softer, bounces around,
Reaching the ears
Of no one.
The lights flash
To the beat,
Proudly reflecting off
My sequins into the eyes
Of no one.
Here I stand,
Playing
In a crowded hall
Alone.

Karen Pugmire



"What A Trumpet!"/Paul Kuranko *First Place, Art*

Kiss Me; It's Been A Long, Long Night

Ever seen the dead live?
They live in the City
At Night.

Ever stay awake forever
On transfusions of vermouth blood
Pumped by red love and
Wheeling drums?

Ever fill your brain
With memories of images
Of Beautiful People on a silver screen?
Free for a fiver in the City
At Night.

Do you find blind energy in
Rushes of neon adrenaline
Glancing off the glass of
Fast, ugly cars?

Yes?

Live fast while you still can fill
Your lungs with smoke:
It's true that the fastest
Don't stop for the lights
In the City
At Night.

Tri Nguyen

First Place, Prose

Untitled

Mary Taylor

September twenty-eighth was the day I lost the only thing I had ever loved and cared about. The day Terri died had started out like any other day. I let her out of the house before leaving school. She was free to roam and wander everywhere until I came home. Then she would meet me in front of the house. Terri never met me that day. I rode up on my bike, chained it, and went inside the house. Something was missing. I couldn't think of what it could be, but I soon found out. Even before I reached the kitchen, I could smell dinner being prepared. My mother was sitting at the table peeling vegetables. On the counter next to her lay Terri's red leather collar...empty. I felt a surge of fear and panic welling up inside of me, starting somewhere in the pit of my stomach, leaping into my heart, and catching in my throat. I swallowed it, too tough to let the fear show. My mother looked up, her face drained, eyes red and puffy.

I dared to speak. "Where's Terri?" My voice was low, a little hoarse, and anything but casual.

"She's gone, Mary." She didn't look at me.

"The pound again?" It must be the pound picked her up again. I stared at her collar. It looked very strange lying there.

"No, Mary." She still didn't look at me. "She's gone...I'm sorry." The vegetable parings flew furiously into the bowl. My stomach lurched as the food smells reached my nostrils.

Still trying to be cool, I steadied myself against the wall with my hand. "Hit by a car, huh?"

"Yes, a car...I'm sorry..." The sound of peeling vegetables, the only sound, grew louder and louder, almost deafening. Suddenly, another dog's bark made me jump. A radio's hum slowly reached by ears, but the dog's bark echoed in my mind,

repeating itself over and over.

"Where's her body?" I wanted to say good-bye and see her one more time. I had to be the one to bury her. Thoughts of loyalty flooded my mind. My mouth dirt dry, I could barely speak. "Where is she?" I headed for the back door. "In the back?"

"She's already buried. I did it already." Her eyes finally met mine, pleading forgiveness, hoping for gratefulness.

Gone. All gone. Never evey a good-bye, not one last of anything. Tears cascaded down my cheeks, anger, more anger than I had ever felt before; it closed my throat tight, but still I screamed at my mother.

"You never even let me see her?" Silence hung in the air. Mother looked up once more.

"Call your father."

Call Dad. I swore silently; Dad couldn't bring her back. I grabbed the collar and ran. Not blindly into walls, but a straight run, still never seeing anything, down the street back to the school, around the track. Once, twice, three times. I realized I didn't want to be here. I stopped, my heart pounding. I finally realized I was crying. NO! NO! NO! I WON'T! Furious with myself, I began to run again. This time it wasn't away from home, but back to the place where she died.

When I got there, I had no more tears. I was fine. Nothing could touch me.

"Yes. Tom Taylor speaking." Silence.

"Hello?" Another lump of silence.

"Daddy?" My voice cracked, barely audible.

"Hi, Mary." I couldn't tell if the cheerfulness was forced. It had to be, how dare he use the right to be happy now. How dare anyone.

I threw in a larger chunk of silence. If I spoke he would have known I was crying. "Mary? Honey, are you still there?" His worried, gently encouraging voice prompted me to answer.

"Daddy, Terri's dead. She was hit by a car. She's dead, Daddy." What was he going to say? Did he even care?

"I know sweeatheart, your mother called and told me what happened. I'm sorry, honey, I feel real bad, too." I'm sorry, everybody is so sorry.

"Okay...I'll see you later...bye." I don't know if he said anything else. I hung up. I put the collar up around my neck as I went upstairs to my room.

My room. My own private world, I thought as I closed the door. All my strength left me. I needed the door to hold me up as I began to cry. Harder this time, I was alone now, nobody could see me cry here.

I don't know how long I lay against the door, long enough to exhaust myself from crying. I allowed myself to slide away from the door and landed, slumped against my wall. It felt hard, cold, and strong. I became aware of the cold metal tags around

my neck. I moved over to my bed and took the collar off. As I studied it, I found coarse white hairs still left in the collar. The leather was worn and carried the strong smell of dog-full-of-dirt. It was in good shape, considering the years of abuse it had taken; I had bought it to last a lifetime.

Days later, after many nights of crying myself to sleep, I decided to put all of Terri's things away in my special drawer. Every single note, love letter, movie ticket and my best times would be found in that drawer. Terri's tags, pictures and collar would lie side by side with all of them. It didn't put the pain away and it didn't put the memories away. They are as vivid as ever. I still think about her everyday. Whenever I put something into that drawer, and see her empty collar, I can smile inside. The memories may bring back the pain, but they also bring back the love.

Cathy McCadden

Colophon

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